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...R MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1972 B1



By Charles Del Vecchio—The Washington Post

Shooting "The Exorcist" along the C&O Canal at 30th Street

Exorcism: Beating the Devil

"Then Jesus said to him, "Begone Satan! For the Scripture says, 'you must do homage to the Lord your God, and worship him alone!'"
Then the devil left him, and the angels came and waited on him.
Matthew 4:1-11

By Sally Quinn

One day in August, 1949, a story appeared in this newspaper with the headline, "Priest Frees Mt. Rainier Boy Reported Held in Devil's Grip." It was not in the religion section.

The article detailed the story of a 14-year-old Mt. Rainier boy of a Protestant family who had been possessed by the devil. The signs of the child's possession were the boy's pallet sliding across the floor while he was sleeping, his armchair tilting over while he was in it and strange noises being heard.

During the actual rite of exorcism he "broke into a violent tantrum of screaming, cursing and voicing of Latin phrases—a language he had never studied—whenever the priest reached those climactic points of the 27-page ritual in which he commanded the demon to depart from the boy," the story said.

The ritual, "I command you, whoever you are, unclean spirit, and all of your associates obsessing this friend of God. . . . I command thee to obey in all these things nor ever again in any manner to offend this creature of God", was repeated over a period of two months after the boy had been thoroughly examined physically and psychiatrically and permission for an exorcism had been granted by the bishop.

His name was never disclosed and he has never had any manifestations of the devil to this day, according to sources who know his identity.

When this story appeared in The Washington Post in 1949, William Peter Blatty was a junior at Georgetown University. He was majoring in English and creative writing at the time, and he tucked away the story of the exorcism with the thought that he might someday write about it. He did. In a book called "The Exorcist" which he started in 1969 and which stayed on the best seller list

See EXORCISM, B2, Col. 1

DE S. VIRGILIO EPISC. SALISBVRGENS



Ad saltas rupes et flumina salsa Iuuauŭ
VIRGILII tumultus prodigiosus erat.
Ob quem punita est incredula lingua minsĕri,
Et Fadé à stygio torta retorta lupo.

Donec ad ipsius, quem laeserat improbus aras,
Quam prius admerat credere, sensit opem.
Discite iustitiam moniti, et non temnere Diuos:
Quorum adst haud vnq; spretus inultus honor.

The Bettmann Archive

Medieval exorcism rite: "I command you, whoever you are, unclean spirit, and all of your associates obsessing this friend of God . . ."

Wormy Apples In Miller's Eden

By Richard L. Coe

Arthur Miller's "The Creation of the World and Other Business" is infinitely improved over two weeks ago. But it still fails to achieve its promise.

Seldom has a Washington tryout undergone such determined labors as this philosophical comedy at the Eisenhower. Both Zoe Caldwell and George Grizzard, the new Eve and Lucifer, introduce a vital, welcome sheen of silken awareness. Now credited with the direction, Gerald Freedman has smoothed both the texture and tone. Bob Dishy's Adam —with less of the Bronx— and Stephen Elliott's God have been immensely refined with the playing.

While I was led to expect Act III would be completely new, it is not entirely so. It is, however, far sharper in definition. The clue comes at the end of Act II when, in the joy of her childbirth, Eve discovers the joyousness of God, but at Cain's birth Lucifer implants the curse of the fallen, jealous angel in God's first and bitter jealous son.

It quite making God hero, Miller is disturbing. I think, his disappointment in God. He is a deity too fond of hearing Himself praised and would prefer man to be innocent, or as Lucifer puts it, "ignorant," rather than to be exposed to knowledge. "Innocent" man, says Lucifer, is less likely to question God and is less prone to uncritical praise of the deity.

Ambitious to sit on either side of the throne, Lucifer introduces the idea of

See CREATION, B5, Col. 1

AMHERST COLLEGE
AMHERST, MASSACHUSETTS 01002

The President

413-542-2234
413-542-2000

[illegible] essentially a final decision.

My consequent decision to close the college, though unusual, is, I believe, justifiable and necessary given current circumstances. Without the daily interferences of class and office work, without the visible presence of many members of the college who feel strongly, in one way or the other, [illegible]

A meeting of the college will be held for members of the college on Monday, at 1:30 p.m. in Johnson Chapel, to answer any questions.

Sincerely,

John William Ward

The bogus letter to Amherst students, written on the president's stationary and bearing his initials.

The day they closed old Amherst down

By Nancy L. Ross

The "Dear Student" letter, dated Oct. 27 and bearing the initials of President John William Ward, announced that Amherst College would close for the rest of the semester, six weeks ahead of schedule. The president told the students, "My decision to close the college, though unusual, is, I believe, justifiable and necessary given current circumstances."

The "circumstances" referred to this fall's acrimonious campus debate over whether or not the 1,200-man Ivy League Massachusetts college should go coed. On the day before President Ward was due to make his decision known at a meeting of the board of trustees, his letter appeared in student mail boxes.

In it he said he needed more time to ponder the step "without the daily interferences of class and office work, without the visible presence of many members of the college who feel strongly, in one way or the other, about coeducation." So he was closing the college temporarily.

That evening a special edition of the campus newspaper, The Amherst Student, carried the banner headline, "Ward Closes College." It carried an interview with the president, who asked that he "be left alone to make this, the most difficult

See AMHERST, B5, Col. 1

'How Can All This Happen to Such a Nice Guy Like McGovern?'

Poster

A Commentary
By Nicholas von Hoffman

NEW YORK—Ted Schwartz had come over from the Flatbush section of Brooklyn where he is a member of Bernie Bloom's Andrew Jackson Democratic Club. He was sitting in the offices of George McGovern's New York state headquarters looking for someone to type up a handwritten speech so he could go out and give it. "Bernie will tell you what a rabblerouser I am," he said, passing over the manuscript which began with a question that is on many minds in the last hours before the voting: "How can all this happen to such a nice guy like McGovern?"

To the people in the headquarters, it had not yet happened to McGovern and they were struggling not to let it. They weren't comparing their needy and shorted campaign with the money, the airplanes, the computers and the plentitude at CREEP'S disposal, as the Committee for the Re-election of the President is universally called by the McGovernites. They didn't see how shabby was the ballroom of the third-class hotel where they'd held their fund-raiser the other night. Communist candidates have spoken in fancier halls than the one they put McGovern in.

The assurance of wealth is absent. The wise money, the smart money, the shrewdies and the sharpies shun this headquarters, which looks like the needy-seedy kind of joint third parties are forced to use. But in one of the seventh-floor rooms was one of New York's all-time political smoothies.

There was Robert F. Wagner, three-time mayor of the city, with his puffy, mud-slide face, in a blue silk suit which contrasted with the predominate rumple of wash-and-wear. Yet Bob Wagner was there and acting as chairman of the campaign in this state which McGovern has got to carry if the miracle is to happen. "It's a tough one," he conceded, amid reminiscing about victory night at the Biltmore Hotel headquarters in the amazing year of 1948. As he talked a woman came in and told him the head of a movie projectionists' local was on the phone and ready with a check for $2,500. He wanted to talk to Wagner personally, to get credit for the donation . . . and to Nixon a single member of the Mellon family gave $1 million.

While Wagner was saying nice things to the projectionists, his son was explaining how it was just possible that McGovern could carry New York by 800,000 votes and come out of the city with enough to win the state. "You can say that some of these figures are high," he conceded, "but it's certainly possible for us." The personable young man and the old smoothie father both held the McGovern conviction, the faith, the belief that in the last instance the hands of the voters will freeze, that as they reach for the Nixon lever they'll say, "No, I can't do it . . . not for him."

In the next office young Joe Grandmaison was finishing off his work. He was closing the headquarters down, for now everything was done but the very last leaflet drops, the last canvassing and the election-day activities themselves.

A staff worker intrudes on Joe, who is the state's campaign director, to ask for expense money to get out to South Dakota for election night with the senator. No CREEP American Express cards here, as Joe opens a desk drawer, pulls out a manila envelope stuffed with money—mostly $1 bills. Ninety of them are counted out, a notation is made of the disbursement and the remainder of money goes back in the drawer.

Next in is a woman who wants to arrange a final ad in The New York Daily News. Joe tells her it will cost $1,330 for a quarter page. "Gee, I don't know if we can raise that much money," she says. Joe tells her to try, and she leaves as another member of the staff comes in waving five or six checks as she exclaims, presenting them to him, "This you have me to thank for. They were all going to be sent to the Washington headquarters but I intercepted them." The bookkeeper pops in to ask what bills should be paid first. Everything, he was told, was to be spent on election day activities. The other debts would have to wait.

Through all this Joe explains it wasn't as bad as it looked. There would be just enough money, just enough volunteers, just enough votes—the undecided or the absentee ballots or the students or the secret McGovern supporters. One public McGovern supporter did arrive.

It was Pierre Salinger, tired, limping and snorting. He'd fallen down on the way over from a meeting at NBC, whom he suspected of getting set to announce a Nixon victory eight minutes after 7 p.m. EST, when the polls would still be open in most states. Immediately he got on the horn, bellowing to some unknown about filing a suit, and when he finished Joe said to him, "You haven't got Hubert Humphrey in here for me."

"But I've delivered on everything else," Pierre replied. I asked him if those $2 cigars he smokes come from Cuba. "I'm taking the Fifth on that," he answered, as he informed everybody he was going to spend election eve in Manchester, N.H., "back in the ------- French bars on the West Side in the Club Lafayette where I started." Young Joe, who was just a kid interested in politics at the beginning of the McGovern effort, and old Pierre—who has been a U.S. senator and was John Kennedy's press secretary—exchanged campaign memories.

Pierre's "keeper," as he calls his driver, showed up to take him off to make a last speech somewhere, but before he left, Joe and he made constrained, manly noises of affection at each other. The hour was nigh and at the very end this is permissible.

Pierre went out the door and Joe asked a lingering staff member, "Have you ever heard of going out and knocking on doors? There's nothing left to do around here." For Joe there were a few more details and then there'd be nothing left for him, either.

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INSIDE STYLE

Film

• *Film director Nicholas Ray expressed admiration for the high quality — both technically and creatively — of the films in the second annual National Student Film Festival. See Page B9.*

Ballet

• *Public response to the American Ballet Theater's engagement at the Kennedy Center built slowly but steadily in the last two weeks. See Page B14.*

Columbia

• *Meticulously planned Columbia, Md., had not counted on racial problems. A response to them was offered by a black arts festival there yesterday. See Page B3.*

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